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POETRY.

[FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

To my Lady-Love.

"Mong all the bells on heather blown,
Or blooms that o'er the woodland wave,
Or birds with golden plumage borne,
Or fish that in the streamlets lave:
There is not one so blithe, so fair,
That flings its flight in ambient air,
Or in the rippling brooklets play.

From brighter gleams in Ether's glow,
Of lights whose lustre dots the sky,
No flash can all their radiance show,
But "skulks" the splendors of her eye.
No note from out the spheres e'er flows
Can touch the raptures of her song,
Nor in its softest gush disclose
The thrills that to her strains belong.

CLIFFORD.

Ruckersville, Ga., May 31, 1854.

ORIGINAL TALES.

[WRITTEN FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.]

CHARLES MORGIN; Or, The Schoolmaster.

BY CHARLES M. PELOT.

[CONTINUED.]

And what added zest to the affair, was that the man was a foreigner, dressed elegantly, and rode in his own coach attended by white servants. Thus, like the rest of the world, the good people of Gorgoville were attracted by something new, dazzled by external appearances, and thought anything foreign superior to the productions of our own country; consequently, they were the easy dupes of any humbug that floated along in this age of humbugs.

Well, Monsieur Bamboozle announced that he would lecture and experiment on Biology, the evening after he arrived. Frederic went to hear and to see. He brought home such an account of the extraordinary powers of the man, that his sisters concluded to go the next evening. They asked Miss Miller to accompany them, but she declined; so she and Emma stayed at home. As soon as the party set out, Jane and Emma went into their room up stairs, and Miss Miller locked the door—she did not know why, but she felt nervous. The lecture was a short time came to the door and asked admission. The knocking startled and alarmed Miss Miller, who told the woman that she wanted nothing and could not admit her. She pretended that she wanted something in the room, but Miss Miller peremptorily ordered her away. When the party returned, the girls confirmed all that Frederic had reported, and insisted that Miss Miller should accompany them on the following night. After a great deal of persuasion, she at last reluctantly consented. On the evening in question, it was cloudy, and Miss Miller predicted rain and advised them not to go. But they were all eager for the amusement, and their determination was fixed. On arriving at the lecture room, they found it very full; they, however, got seats near the door. The Biologist made his appearance. As soon as Miss Miller saw him, she started, and turned deadly pale. Emma noticed her change of appearance, touched her brother and pointed to Miss Miller. Frederic asked her if she was ill; she nodded, rose, took his arm, and tottered rather than walked out of the room. If Emma had not supported her on the other side, she could not have got out. All the family left. They took a neighbor's carriage which was at the door and drove home. They asked Miss Miller what was the matter. She said that she was in such a state of excitement, that she could not tell them then, but that to-morrow she would tell them all. She was so nervous that Frederic (who was studying medicine), thought it advisable to administer an opiate, which quieted her somewhat. The family retired at about eleven o'clock. Fanny (Morgin's youngest daughter) slept with Miss Miller. Morgin had a couple of very fierce dogs, which were kept chained in their kennels all day, and let loose at night. Between two and three o'clock, Emma went into Miss Miller's room to see how she was. Judge of her surprise when she found that she was not there! She ran down stairs, went into her brother's room, woke him, and told him that Miss Miller was gone. She then ran to the kennel and found both dogs tied. The animals were barking furiously, but she, poor thing, could not hear them. She loosed them and clasped her hands to set them on. The dogs ran to the gate and she followed them. Emma and Frederic got there about the same time. The rain was descending in torrents. Frederic thought he saw two objects in front of him, one in advance of the other; he ran with all his might, came up to the first object, which the dogs had passed, and with one blow of the cudgel, felled it to the ground. The dogs, by this time, had overtaken the other, which they seized. Frederic ran to their assistance; but just as he came up, the man, by some means, disengaged himself from the dogs and sprang into a carriage which was waiting, leaving the burden which he was carrying on the ground. He did not escape Frederic, however, for just as he was leaping into the carriage, the young man gave him a blow on the back of the head, as he thought, that prostrated him on the door of the carriage, which drove away rapidly. He then turned to see what was that lay on the ground, and to his great joy and astonishment he found that it was Miss Miller; and

tonished because she appeared perfectly passive, not making the slightest resistance. By this time, the whole family were aroused.

Frederic and Emma (for she had got to the scene of action nearly as soon as he) took up Miss Miller and carried her back to the house. As they were returning, they met some of the negroes where the body which Frederic had knocked down was lying; he told them to take it up and bring it to the house. One of them (a negro woman) as she stooped down to take it up, exclaimed,

"My, God! Mas Fed, 'e dat Irish ummon; 'e no look black like me now, 'e white."

When Miss Miller was brought to the light, it was found that she was under the influence of chloroform. A physician was sent for; he came, and directed that her head and chest should be kept constantly wet and the artificial respiration should be kept up.

Fanny was missed from the group; she was found in her bed, also under the influence of chloroform.

After a long time, the effects wore off, and they were both relieved. The doctor observed that nothing but the severe wetting saved Miss Miller. The other patient was visited, and it proved easy enough to be the Irish woman, but not dark and swarthy now. That was an artificial color, which the rain had washed off, and she was now possessed of a rather motley complexion. She had indeed, received a very severe blow on the side of her head, which had laid open the skin to the bone. But the skull was not fractured, so she was in no danger; but she thought that she would die. She was sullen, and would answer no questions, until she found that the Biologist was gone. It was discovered the next morning that that worthy had decamped—servants, carriages, horses, baggage and all, leaving his landlord minus his bill. The woman desired to see Miss Miller. She was told that Miss Miller was too ill to see her then. She said that she had much to tell her, and prayed that the blessed Virgin would intercede for her, so that she might live till she could tell her all.

At other times she would mutter, "Oh! that that of a Prastie, to desert me! But I will have my revenge." She appeared to be in great distress.

When Miss Miller was told that it was the Irish woman who had done this to her, she said that she was in disguise, and that she had something to communicate to her, she said,

"I thought so; I thought I knew her; but her disguise was so effectual, I was not sure. I had my misgivings the first time that I saw her, but I thought it foolish superstition, so I would not tell any of you. I must see her, but I cannot be alone with her. Frederic, you and Emma especially must go with me; but I would feel safer if all of you would go. Oh, children! how I wish your father were here—then I would feel safe. After a moment's pause, she continued, "The danger is over, and I am safe. Frederic, you acted nobly. But Emma, had it not been for Emma, I should have been lost." She then threw her arms around Emma, and burst into tears—they were tears of gratitude. She looked up and said, "But, my dear cousin, the danger is all over now, at least for a long time; so say nothing to your father about it. It will only distress and keep him uneasy; promise me that you will not." And they all promised. "Now," she said, "let me sit up, and try to walk about the room, so that I may get strength to see that woman, for I wish to know what she has to tell me."

In about an hour, she said she thought she was strong enough and sufficiently collected to have the interview. She then took Emma and Clara's arms and they all went down stairs. Miss Miller was very weak and pale. The chloroform, the wetting, and the fright had shattered her nerves, and made sad ravages on her health. They entered the room. Miss Miller went up to the couch on which Bridget lay, and in a soothing manner inquired how she felt, and said she was very sorry she was so badly hurt. Bridget looked at her, and when she saw the pitiable condition of the mild, gentle, and unoffending girl was reduced to—viewing herself as an auxiliary at least in this work of desolation—she really felt compunctions of conscience, and her mental suffering appeared to be extreme. Tears rolled down her cheeks, and it was some time before she could speak.

At length she said, "Oh my dear lady, don't talk to me in that way, it cuts me to the heart. Curse me! curse me! with all the bitter curses that the Church ever made!"

Miss Miller replied, "Nay, but our Savior has enjoined upon us to return good for evil, and that injunction harmonizes with my present feelings. Bridget, I forgive you for all the pain you have caused me, and would most gladly do you good. But I am very weak, and cannot stay much longer with you now. You say there is something on your mind, you wish to communicate to me: what is it?"

Bridget groaned and said, "Oh! mother of Christ, forgive me for this great sin, and may I get absolution from the Prastie before I die!"

"Bridget," said Miss Miller, rising, "Pray to God our Heavenly Father through our Lord Jesus Christ. 'Ea, he said, 'he alone who can forgive sin, and if you sincerely repent, he will forgive. I am too weak to talk with you now."

Bridget seized her lady's hand, and convulsively said, "Stay, my sweet lady! I have much to tell you, and I will tell you in a few minutes. Stay, my sweet lady! I have much to tell you, and I will tell you in a few minutes. Stay, my sweet lady! I have much to tell you, and I will tell you in a few minutes."

ing on Fanny's shoulder. Frederic handed her a chair, she sat down, and drew Fanny close to her.

Bridget looked at them and exclaimed, "Yes, there is you too, you innocent creature, (meaning Fanny) that I come well nigh killing. Oh! my sin. But she could proceed no further, she again burst into tears, and groaned as if in the utmost agony. At length she composed herself somewhat and said, "Yes, yes, I want to tell you all about it; but don't look at me so mildly, so sweetly, it cuts me to the heart."

"Bridget," said Miss Miller, "I look as I feel. I again repeat that I forgive you, and would benefit you if I could."

Thus you see our Lord's injunction was literally verified—"If your enemy hunger, feed him, &c., for by so doing you heap coals of fire on his head."

Bridget said, "Well, I can't look at you." She altered her position and proceeded—"You know the night you left the convent was a dreadful stormy night. The wind blew and the rain poured. It was at a funeral ceremony. Do you know whose funeral it was?" Miss Miller answered in the negative. Bridget resumed—"It was the funeral of your own sister. Heaven rest her soul!"

Miss Miller started, pressed her hands to her heart, and became more livid. The family feared that she would swoon—so Cologne, volatile salts, &c., were brought into requisition. But Miss Miller was not one of those fine ladies who were given to screaming and fainting. She leaned her head down and was engaged in fervent mental prayer for a moment, subdued the shock which this sudden announcement had given her sensibilities, and was herself again. She looked calm as usual, only more subdued.

Quiet being restored, Bridget went on—"Nay, grieve not for her; she is moved away from a deal of trouble, and is blessed in Heaven, for the priest prayed mightily that her soul might be relieved from purgatory. I was in service at Mrs. Carleton's, but had got leave to go to church that night. It was three hours or more after you were gone before you were missed. After the whole convent had been searched and you could not be found, I was sent out to see if I could hear anything of you. I was promised an indulgence of the church if I found you; which was a great price for my services."

"I was just over to Mrs. Carleton's, thinking, as it was late across the street, you may have gone in there, to shelter yourself from the very hard rain. Mrs. Carleton had turned over a basin of water just as I got in the room, and she put me to drying it up. I looked about to see if I could find any signs of your being there, but I saw none, so I knew you were not there. I then got leave to go out and stay all night. That night, raining as it was, I went all over the town searching for you, but could hear nothing about you. I went to the convent after daylight. I found Father Burgami up—I don't think he went to bed at all that night. He asked me if I had found out where you were. I told him no. He then told me that I must leave service, and come to him. He said if you were on the face of the earth you must be found, and he knew of no one as well qualified to hunt you up as I was. He told me if I found you, my reward would be very great, both here and hereafter, for, said he, by finding the runaway, I would be doing a great service to the Church. I left service, as the Father had ordered. After many days that I spent in searching all over town, and talking with all the serving women about your escape, I went to see Mrs. Carleton again, for something seemed to tell me that she knew something about you, and sure enough, she told me that you had gone to Canada with a young Doctor. And, honey, did you not go with him?"

Miss Miller replied, "No indeed, I did not. While you were conversing with Mrs. Carleton I was within three yards of you; but no matter, go on."

Bridget looked perfectly astounded, and exclaimed: "Blessed Virgin, and where could you have been?"

Miss Miller said, "No matter, go on with your narrative."

Bridget said, "Well, I told at the Convent, what Mrs. Carleton told me, and they sent me and two more to Canada in search of you. But we had been at Montreal but a very short time, when a Priest told me that I must go back to Charleston as quickly as I could, as I was wanted. As soon as I arrived, Father Burgami told me that he thought he had found out where you were, and that he wanted me to go and ascertain the fact." "Ea," continued the disguise, and gave me ample directions. One of his servants came with me in the cars, he said at the Depot, and I saw him every night, as I was wanted. As soon as I arrived, Father Burgami told me that he thought he had found out where you were, and that he wanted me to go and ascertain the fact."

"The night that the young ladies went to the lecture, and left you and Miss Emma at home, I tried to get into the room; and if I had succeeded, I would have attempted to administer the chloroform. But it would have been useless that night, for after the lecture, the Father got too drunk to do anything."

"The next day as soon as I found out that you were going to the lecture, I sent him word, and told him to have all things ready, for I knew that I would get you that night. One of his men had gone away, so none was left but the

man that drove the carriage. After you were all gone, I tied up the dogs that had been turned out. I then went and hid myself behind some clothes in your little dressing room, for I knew you always locked your door, when you and Miss Fanny went to bed, for I had tried to get in. I had been hid but a short time, when you all came back. Miss Fanny ran in the dressing room where I was, to get something. I was mightily scared, for I thought she must have seen me, but the poor child was so scared about you, if she saw me, she did not know, she was in a mighty hurry, got what she came for, and ran out again."

"After all was quiet, I got a signal, that the Father had come. I crept to your bed side, and began giving you the chloroform. When I was giving it to you, Miss Fanny jumped and said very quick, 'You shan't! you shan't now!' I thought she was awake, and so I put the chloroform to her nose, which quieted her very soon. I then found out she was talking in her sleep. After giving you enough, as I thought, I took you up, started down stairs with you. I had not got to the bottom, when I saw Miss Emma come out of her room and go into yours. If she had looked down, she must have seen me, but she looked straight at your door, poor creature. The dogs were barking mightily all the while. The Father met me at the gate, took you from me, and ran as fast as he could, and he out now with you to carry."

"Now, I have told you all—and bless the Virgin, and St. Peter, and all the Saints that I have lived to tell you. Oh if I could but get absolution, I would die in peace!—Oh that thief of a Priest to desert me so!" The poor creature writhed, and appeared to be in the utmost agony.

Miss Miller, after a short pause, said: "Well, but Bridget, how did the Priest find out where I was?"

Bridget replied, "He told me, that you had left Charleston in disguise, that after he found that out, he went the way he thought you went; that a man somewhere told him, that just such a person had gone to Georgia, that he went there, and after he could get no information of you, he came back, and then he found that a lady had been staying at that man's house, and he traced her to this place, but no one had seen a person she was. So he sent for me."

Miss Miller said: "But Bridget, why does that man hunt me down with such untiring diligence—I never harmed him."

Bridget replied, "I don't know, without it is for the good of your soul; but honey, you have harmed him, for when you struck him with your scissors, you put out one of his eyes, but no one would know it, for he has a glass eye which is quite natural."

MISCELLANY.

[FROM THE RICHMOND WHIG.]

The Richest Man in Virginia.

Gentlemen:—I have thought, for some time I would write for your paper something in relation to the richest man in Virginia, and the largest slave holder in the Union, and perhaps in the world, unless the serfs of Russia are considered slaves; and the wish expressed in your paper a few days ago, to know who it was so wealthy in Virginia, induces me to write this now.

Samuel Hairston, of Pittsylvania, is the gentleman. When I was in his section, a year or two ago, he was the owner of between 1600 and 1700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a census. He also has a prospective right to about 1,000 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother-in-law, Mrs. R. Hairston, he having married her only child. He now has the management of them, which makes the number of his slaves reach nearly three thousand. They increase at the rate of near one hundred every year; and he has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick counties, Virginia. He has large estates in North Carolina. His landed property in Stokes alone, is assessed at \$600,000. His slaves are differently estimated at \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, and I should think it was nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot, but I assure you Mr. Hairston manages all his matters as easy as most persons would an estate of \$10,000. He has overseers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what has been made and spent on each plantation, and his negroes are clothed and fed from his own domestic manufacture; and raising his own tobacco crop, which is immensely large, as so much clear gain every year, besides his increase in negroes, which is a fortune of itself.

And now for his residence. I have traveled over fifteen States of this Union, and have never seen anything comparable to his garden, except some of those in the Mississippi Delta, and none of them equal to it. Mrs. Hairston has been beautifying it for years; and a good old minister, in preaching near the place, and describing Paradise, said, "it was as beautiful as Mrs. Hairston's," or as a friend who had visited Washington City the first time, remarked that "the park grounds were nearly as handsomely landscaped as the White House." He is a plain, unassuming, unassuming man, and has never made any noise in the world, though he could vie with the Bruce, the Blandings and Astors; and it is strange, that while his wealth is co-extensive with the Union, he is not known 100 miles from home. He is a man of great wealth, and is only worth about 4,000,000 of the money of the city people are very wealthy, while Mr. Hairston can show the property that will bring the cash at any time.

Mr. Hairston's estate within a few miles of where he lives, in Henry county. He has several large plantations, and is pretty well to do in the world. He has 700 negroes: Robert Hairston, who lives in Mississippi, near 1,000, and George Hairston, who has also moved to Mississippi, and has all of his property to him, and is surviving only about

150 slaves for his own use. This, I believe, is a correct statement of the circumstances of the Hairston family.

Ornamental Planting.

We commend the following extract from J. W. Proctor's Agricultural Address to those who have forgotten to plant a single shade tree near their large and costly farm houses:

"The objects met about the door yard of a farmer's residence, are as unmistakable indices of the character to be found within, as the expressions of the human countenance, of the actions of the mind. Where the rose, the dahlia, and the honeysuckle have crowded out the pig trough, the goose pen, and the sink drain, but sure improvement has there found a habitation and a home. A few flowering shrubs in front, a climber or two by the door, a border carefully arranged by female hands, with female taste, are luxuries as esteemed as the command of all. I have often heard an esteemed friend, too soon alas, removed from these scenes of anxious solicitude, remark, she should prefer a cottage with only one small room, a bed room and a kitchen, surrounded by cultivated grounds and shrubbery, with an elm overshadowing the yard, to a spacious mansion without these appendages. 'What is more out of place than a square three story house in the country, with no shade trees about it? Those who have not the benefits of the inconveniences under which they labor, both as to comfort and to health. I have heard it said by one of the most intelligent physicians whose acquaintance I have ever enjoyed, that the best preventive of the progress of cholera, and other malignant diseases, was the multiplication of shade. To my certain knowledge, the best security against the spreading of fires in villages, is the abundance of shade trees in the way, and in the yards between dwellings."

Shocking Tragedy in Virginia.

The Petersburg (Virginia) Express has a letter from Accomac Court House, giving a horrible account of a murder of a man named Geo. East, by his step son, who is yet a minor. The latter says:

"Overtaking East, he stabbed him repeatedly behind the fall, when the assassin got upon him and literally cut him to pieces—ripping him out the bowels from the breast down—cutting him in the breast, laying open his heart an inch or two, and stabbing and gashing him in a number of places. And to cap the climax, after the blood-thirsty monster had left him, fearing, as he says, that he was not dead, he returned, propped up the body against the fence, and cut the throat from ear to ear, and then delivered himself up, saying that he had been intending to do it for a long time."

He alleged, in his defence, that his mother had been ill treated by the deceased, but it is thought that they had fallen out about the property of Mrs. East. The parties were herto-for respected, and it is in bad circumstances. It is also stated that it will be difficult to prevent the populace from lynching the prisoner, so great is the excitement.

Awful Calamity.

The Macon (Miss.) Beacon of the 12th inst. has the following:

"A gentleman of this town, just from Crawfordville, informs us of the most distressing misfortune that has befallen the family of the Rev. Peter Crawford, living at the village of Crawfordville, in Lowndes county. In the afternoon on Monday last, Miss Louisa Crawford had occasion to go near a fire in the yard. Her dress caught fire, when she was instantaneously enveloped in flames. Her oldest sister (Ann) immediately went to her assistance, when her clothes also caught, and she was instantly in a blaze from her waist to her head. Louisa died about 9 o'clock on Monday night, and Ann was so severely burned, there was no hopes of her living. Their father and mother had left home the morning of the same day for Montgomery, Ala.

They were most accomplished young ladies, and their swift and timely death produces a deep and heartfelt sympathy in the neighborhood."

Strange Superstition.

The Norwich (Conn.) Courier relates a strange and almost incredible tale of superstition recently enacted at Jewett City, in that vicinity:

"About eight years ago, Horace Ray of Criswell died of consumption. Since that time two of his children, grown up people, have died of the disease, the last one dying some two years since. Not long ago the same fatal disease seized upon another son, whereupon it was determined to exhum the bodies of the two brothers already dead and burn them, because the dead were supposed to feed upon the living; and so long as the dead bodies in the graves remained in a state of decomposition, either wholly or in part, the surviving members of the family must continue to furnish the sustenance for the dead. Acting under the influence of this strange and blind superstition, the family and friends of the deceased proceeded to the burial ground at Jewett City on the 8th inst., dug up the bodies of the deceased brothers, and burned them on the spot. It seemed impossible to believe that such dark ignorance and folly could exist in the middle of the 19th century and in a State calling itself enlightened and christian."

A BANY SHOW.—A correspondent of the Burlington Free Press, gives an amusing account of a baby show at Bytown, Canada, on the 3d inst. "The prizes were \$60 each to the three largest, fattest, and handsomest babies in the town of March. There were but two babies presented, one sixteen and the other seventeen months old, each of whom received a prize. After some appropriate speeches by the judges, one of the lucky mothers made the announcement, that she should have another baby to show at the same time and place next year, if there was a premium to be given, which called rounds of applause."

THE RULING PASSION, &c.—A late waggoner printer, when on his death bed, was requested "to be composed." "Distributed you mean," was the last reply.

The authorship of the first "Homestead" ever drafted is claimed for George Wall, a native of Windham, Connecticut, and a lawyer by occupation.

General Conference—Bishops Soule, Andrews, Capers and Paine.

The General Conference holds its sessions in the Methodist Church, which is very spacious and commodious. The Episcopal Board, consisting of Bishops Soule, Andrews, Capers and Paine, are all present. They occupy seats with the laity, and alternate with the laity. On their left, sits the able, erudite, and factious Dr. Summers, the popular Secretary, and his worthy assistant, Mr. Erwin. The face and voice of Dr. S. is an excellent antidote for asperity of temper and words.

Grouped around and near the altar, are the more venerable members of the body. Conspicuous among these, are the venerated forms of the Rev. Drs. Paine, Williams, and Early; and the Rev. Messrs. Crozier and McMahon. A large majority of the Conference is composed of men who have passed the meridian of human life.

Dr. Soule is the Senior Bishop. Although burdened with the weight of more than three score years and ten, his form is still erect, and his step firm. His intellectual powers seem unimpaired. His hearing, sight and voice are gradually failing, yet his enunciation is clear and distinct. In height, he is about six feet, with a square and well knit frame, admirably suited to the toils and hardships of a itinerant life, which he has endured for half a century. His hair is quite luxuriant and less gray than is usual with men of his advanced age. With characteristic dignity, he occasionally addresses a few pointed and pertinent remarks to the Conference, and the deep and solemn cadences of his voice always elicit profound attention. His eye brows are remarkably heavy and overhanging, and when excited by the inspiration of his theme, the large blue eyes beneath glow with the fires of other and by-gone years.

Bishop Soule is very properly regarded by all with profound and pious veneration. When he shall be gathered to his fathers, it will be long ere the Church will look upon him like an angel. He was consecrated Bishop in 1824.

Next to Bishop Soule, in age and Episcopal seniority, is Bishop Andrews. His character, though somewhat different, is scarcely less marked. Like his senior associate, he has a liberal endowment of common sense, and is eminently a practical man, as every Bishop should be. Of humble but highly respectable ancestry, by the force and energy of his character, by his well directed efforts in the vineyard of Christ, he has made an indelible impression upon the genius and polity of Southern Methodism, as salutary as it must be enduring.

There is nothing remarkable or striking in the personal appearance of Bishop Andrews. He is about five feet ten inches high—has a full, open, good natured face, a mild blue eye, and a strong preacher, and as a descriptive writer has few superiors. His manners are free and easy, and in his toilet there is an entire absence of excessive fastidiousness. He would pass anywhere for a good republican citizen. Few men know the masses better—and few are better qualified to work out their moral and intellectual elevation. His fine social qualities make his companionship most genial and refreshing. Under late severe mental and bodily affliction, he has shown a ministerial labor, his once robust constitution begins to show marks of decay, though his age cannot exceed sixty years. He was elected Bishop in 1832.

Next in Episcopal seniority is Bishop Capers, who was set apart to that office in 1846, after the formation of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. As a finished and ready pulpit orator, the reputation of Bishop Capers is not confined to this continent. In his palmy days, he has been heard with rapt attention by multitudes every where; through his ministrations and hung with admiration and delight upon his eloquent discourses. With a most captivating personality—a fair, ruddy complexion, dark liquid eyes, glowing with the fires of a holy enthusiasm, a voice soft and musical, and above all, a heart full of love to God and man, it is not surprising that he should be everywhere greeted with affection and admiration. Nor is his popularity confined to his own church. Cultivating a city which "hoped all things," he has always been a great favorite with other denominations.

Bishop Capers is in his sixty-fifth year. His head is quite bald, and the few locks of hair remaining are perfectly white. He is about five feet eight inches high. He entered the ministry at the age of eighteen, and notwithstanding frequent posts of honor and emolument have frequently been tendered him, he has steadily and faithfully and successfully devoted himself to the labor and sacrifice of an itinerant life. To him American Methodism is largely indebted for her present proud and commanding position. Bishop Paine is the junior of his three associates. In age he is little over fifty, rather stout built, about five feet ten inches high, and very prepossessing in appearance. He reminds one of the Hon. John Jay. He possesses, I should think, a steady character, and is an excellent, capable officer. As a preacher, his style is clear, deliberate and forcible. He uses but few of the graces of oratory, but is occasionally eloquent and overpowering. He was elected Bishop in 1850. *Southwestern Recorder.*

A most Horrible Murder.

Mrs. McBrayer, wife of Jas. McBrayer, seq. of Anderson county, Ky., was murdered a few nights ago, according to the Frankfort Yeoman, under the following circumstances:

After Mr. and Mrs. McBrayer had retired to rest, a man entered their room with an axe, and approaching the bed, passed his hand over her face, in order to be sure of her throat one, which awoke her. Being satisfied that it was her, he commenced cutting with his axe, first striking her breast and arms in many places; he then with several strokes severed one of her legs entirely off. Mrs. McBrayer, being awakened by the noise, reached out her hand to protect her face, and received a blow, cutting his hand to the bone. The intruder, then, thinking he had killed her, commenced striking about at random over the bed, with the belief in his mind to kill their young child who was in bed with them, but not finding it, he went to the lounge in the room where slept their other child, and aimed a blow at its head, striking it on the back of its neck. He then fled, leaving the bloody axe and the bodies of the mother and child in a pool of blood.

The Frankfort Yeoman says that the man who murdered Mrs. McBrayer was a man of color, and that he was seen by a neighbor who was in the neighborhood at the time.